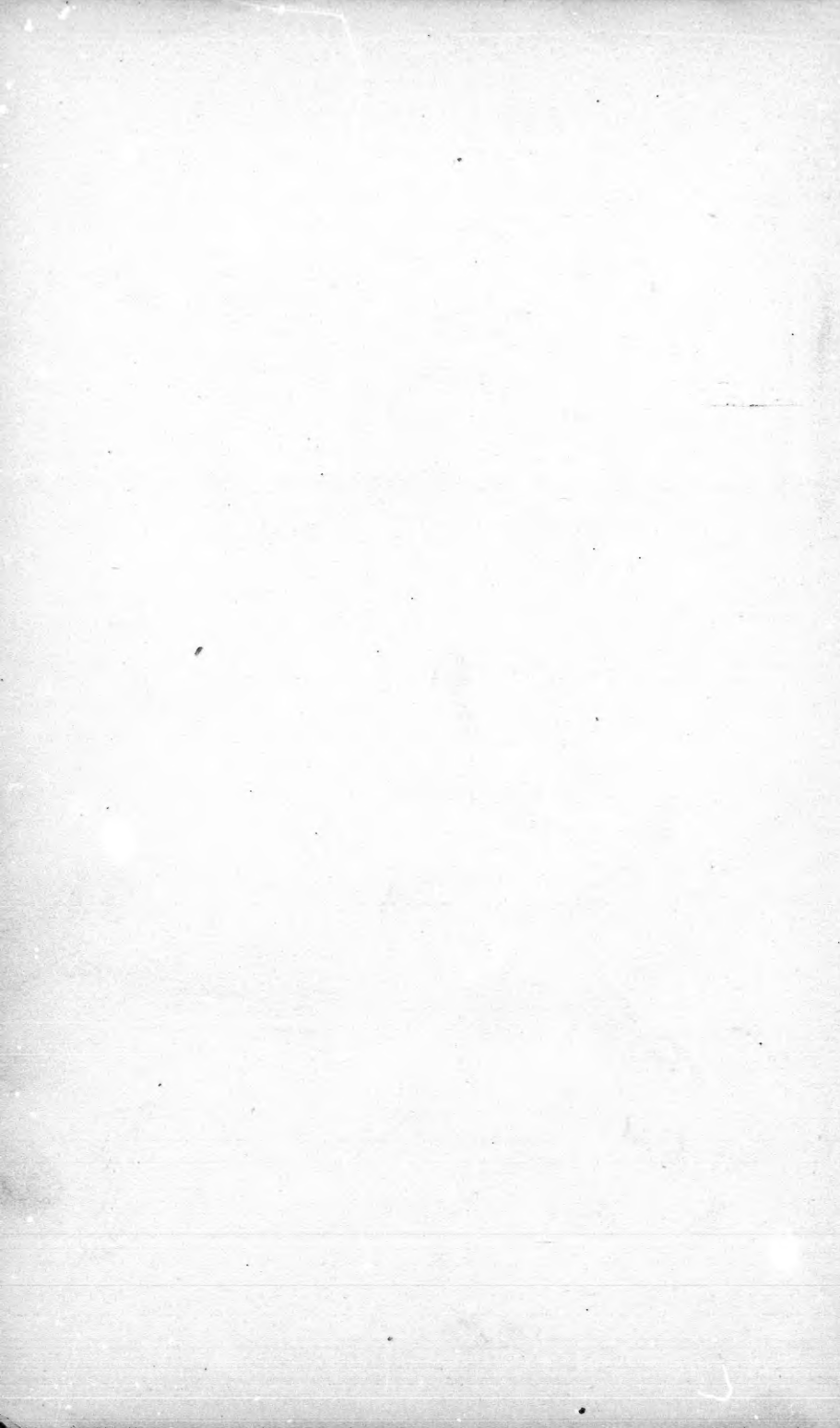




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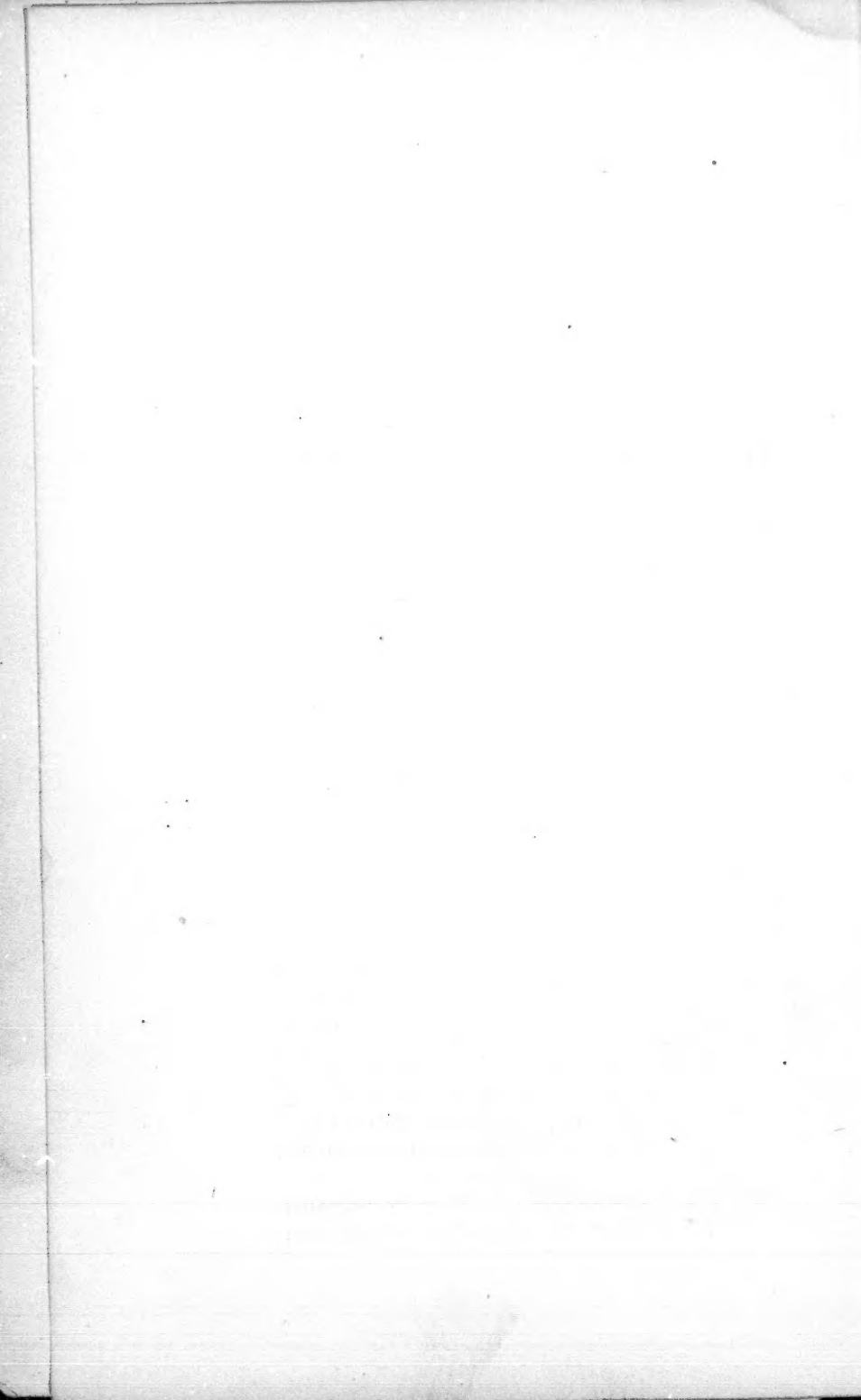
# A GLIMPSE OF CANADA.

BY

MEYER AUERBACH,

Of New York.

368641  
3.7.39



## TO GO, OR NOT TO GO, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

(Shakespeare, slightly altered).

The time for wonders is past. We ought not to be surprised, therefore, if a young member of a staid family meets with a resolute resistance and a mountain of unanswerable objections, when he tries to upset time honored old notions by some novel and startling proposition. It would, indeed, be something like a wonder, if it were not so. The orthodox rule of the family circle reads:—always do as your grandfather and the old folks in general have done, and stand from under if any one tries to inveigle you into new methods and new ways of doing things. Certainly the laws of nature are supreme in the family circle, as well as in every other part of creation; and as the spirit of youth is far separated from the wisdom of old age, we cannot expect that in even the best regulated household, folks twenty years of age will feel and think like grandmothers and old aunts.

It was a case like this, which almost raised a storm of indignation, surprise and fright within the lines of the circle of which I happen, since the first day of my appearance in this treacherous world, to be a tolerably worthy member. At least they often told me so while I went to school, and they didn't fail to tell me so on many an occasion since I left school. But, alas! The day came when I almost lost the whole prestige I had theretofore been enjoying.

I gave way to a rather bold, revolutionary inclination, and thereby shook the entire household to its foundation.

I will tell in the following story all about it, as a warning to all young men against trespassing upon well settled rules and habits, and perhaps as an example of how easily a persevering mind can in the end attain the object it is striving for.

It was on a fine evening in August, that, to the no small surprise and consternation of the folks at home, I made the announcement that I intended to participate in a trip to Canada and the White Mountains, to be made by a small party of excursionists. I was at once overwhelmed with an avalanche of questions, as to who was the originator of the idea; how many were expected to go; whether I was personally acquainted with any person in the party; when the excursion was to start, &c.

After having satisfactorily answered the foregoing queries, grandmother Harriet, after settling herself firmly in her chair, commenced the attack, by saying that she, for one, did not at all approve of the idea of starting on a ten days trip, without knowing the co-excursionists, or even the projector of the tour;—that she was sure that the whole plan was a barefaced swindle, as I would find to my cost, as soon as I had paid my money.

Grandfather, as in duty bound, (it being here understood that he is a great "ladies man,") ably seconded the remarks of his better half, supplementing his argument by saying that when *he* was a young man of my age, no one would have risked going from New York to Philadelphia, much less on such a tour, with an unknown number of strangers.

Father thought that the idea was a very good, but not altogether new one, as such pleasure tours had been greatly in vogue in Germany for some years past, and had proved entirely successful.

He thought, too, that it would be highly beneficial for me to see Quebec and Montreal, differing, as they did, so greatly from our American cities, in appearance and inhabitants.

Mother was of the opinion that I would have more real, unalloyed pleasure, if I adhered to my plan of spending the vacation quietly among the Catskill Mountains, instead of traveling about from place to place, which must prove very tiresome and mayhap dangerous.

The boys and sister Alice were all of one mind, that I ought not hesitate to take advantage of the splendid opportunity now offered, which would probably not so soon arise again, whereas I could go to the Catskills at any time. Uncle Julius, quiet as usual, said nothing, only interrupting the discussion for a moment, in order to ask what class of hotels we intended to patronize, and whether Mr. Leve had made ample arrangements for the accommodation of so large a party. Each one having had his or her say, the matter was cut short by grandfather saying, that, as I seemed determined to go, he would no longer oppose my desire, but would wish me "God speed."

This opinion was finally coincided in by all, grandmother being the last to succumb;—and so it came about that I went on the excursion.

## CHAPTER I.

The departure.—The sail up the Sound.—Arrival in Boston.—Ascent of Bunker Hill monument.—A historical tree.—Mount Auburn Cemetery.—A short Ocean voyage.—Portland, Me.—A fine residence.

Leaving New York on Sunday, August 26th, 1877, on the beautiful Fall River steamer *Bristol*, we had a charming sail up the East River past Blackwell's Island, Hell Gate and Ward's Island, and thence through the pleasant Long Island Sound to Newport, R. I. Before proceeding to supper the members of the party were introduced to one another; the party, besides Mr. Leve and myself, then consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Riley and Mr. and Mrs.

Snyder of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Gaffney and Mr. Donnelly of New York City.

The supper was everything that could be desired, but the company inclined to be formal. At about 10 P. M. having enjoyed the promenade concert on the boat, the entire party retired to their respective staterooms, I occupying one in common with Mr. Leve. At about 2 A. M. I was awakened by the rolling of the vessel and found that we were just passing Point Judith. At 3 A. M. we touched at Newport and stopped there about one hour when I, together with many other passengers arose, but could see absolutely nothing, on account of the fog which quite suddenly enveloped the boat. It took the steamer about two hours to reach Fall River, during which time the steam fog whistle kept up a continuous screeching. At Fall River we took the Old Colony R. R., and at precisely 7 A. M. reached the "Hub of the Universe," Boston. Here hotel carriages awaited us and we were driven to the United States Hotel where the entire party enjoyed a first class New England breakfast. Then a car ride of about forty minutes brought us to Bunker Hill monument, which was ascended by myself alone, as several of the party had been up before and as the others did not feel patriotic enough to venture the ascent. It proved quite a task before I got to the bottom again; the number of steps was 294 by actual count, and I venture to say that very few persons would reach Heaven if it were only to be reached by climbing up such steps. The labor was richly repaid, however, by the magnificent view of Boston and its environs obtained from the top;—the descent proved, if anything, worse than the ascent, as a person is very liable to make a misstep, on account of the shortness of the steps. After I had safely completed the descent and rejoined the party, we took the cars for Cambridge. On the way we passed the Navy Yard and Harvard College with its many outbuildings and dormitories and its Campus. Next came a very old looking tree in the centre

of the road, patched with zinc or tin and bearing an inscription, saying that it was the tree under which Gen. Washington had first assumed command of the American army. About twenty minutes ride further on and we reached our goal, Mount Auburn Cemetery. Over the massive archway the following new, but always true text is inscribed:—"Man is of dust and to dust he shall return."

We strolled through the grounds, which are artistically laid out in flower beds and which in this regard vie with anything seen in Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition. We only think of going, as the bells in some neighboring church chime out the twelve strokes reminding us that it is noon; we are all sorry to leave, as we had been there only about an hour and had not seen half the grounds. The Cemetery is very large and its tombstones, monuments and vaults are very imposing. We returned to the hotel by cars and on the way passed through Washington and Tremont streets, and had a fine side view of Boston Commons and of many noble edifices. After partaking of dinner the ladies retired, and the gentlemen separated and in parties of two and three took short walks in the neighborhood of the hotel. Mr. Leve, who had been absent looking after the excursionists who were to meet us in Boston, now returned and told us to make ready to start; at about 5.30 P. M. the hotel coach drove up, we entered and were driven rapidly to the wharf, where we embarked on the steamer "Forest City," for Portland, Me.

The peculiarities of the steamer of course were soon the subjects of discussion, and we contrasted it with the beautiful *Bristol* on which we had spent the preceding night. It was small for an Ocean steamer, had narrow cabins and a very perceptible smell of tar and pitch about it, and the passengers were crowded off the forward deck, in order to make room for six carriages;—we also carried quite a number of watermelons as freight. Punctually



at seven o'clock we started, in the midst of a drizzling shower which just then commenced, but which was not heavy enough to make us retire from the deck. When we were about half way down the harbor, the welcome sound of the supper bell was heard and we betook ourselves to the dining saloon, and were there introduced to the new-comers, who were:—Mr. and Mrs. Hastings and Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, of Warren, Mass.; Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Bishop, of Lynn, Mass.

Once out of the harbor and fairly at sea, we split up into small groups and promenaded the deck, the rain having entirely ceased.

We passed Lynn and Salem at about three miles distance from shore, and then headed further out, so as to pass the shoals of Cape Ann at a respectable distance. The vessel now began to pitch and labor, although the sea seemed very placid;—as it was about ten o'clock, and as my stomach seemed to want a retired place just at that time, where it could say a word in private to old father Neptune, I hurriedly bade the party good night and retired to my cabin. Here, after a few minutes battle with my stomach for the mastery, in which I must confess that I came out second best, I fell asleep, and did not awaken until next morning, when I found the boat fast at the Portland wharf. The company was soon gathered together and we entered stages, which, after a ride of about ten minutes, set us down at the Falmouth Hotel. Here we partook of a substantial breakfast; and had time afterwards, before the ladies were ready to accompany us on a walk, to indite a short letter to the friends we had left at home.

A short walk brought us to what is known as the West Promenade, which is a very nice avenue on the limits of the city, from which we were enabled to see the Saco river and the suburbs of Portland. After resting in the shade for a short time, we continued our stroll and passed through the grounds of a very rich land-owner named

John B. Brown. The grounds were beautifully laid out in winding paths and flower beds, and the hot houses contained twenty-five different varieties of grapes, some of which were ripe and looked very luscious and tempting. From here we walked to the hotel, where the entire party soon assembled.

Then we took the Portland & Ogdensburgh R. R. to the White Mountains, passing through some very picturesque valleys and forests, the latter of which were noticeable chiefly for their many fir and spruce trees, which scented the air for many miles with their peculiar perfume.

## CHAPTER II.

Arrival at North Conway.—Through Crawford Notch.—A bit of history.—White Mountain Scenery.—Beecher's Cascade.—A novel railway.—Trip up Mount Washington.—Vice President Wheeler.—The Signal Service station.—A dog story.

At North Conway, which we reached at 3.30 o'clock P. M., and which is about one and a-half hours' ride from the Crawford House, we changed cars, getting into what are known as observation cars.

These cars are open on all sides, having no windows, and are furnished with revolving cane chairs thus affording the passengers an unobstructed view on all sides. The engine which was hitched on here was also heavier and more powerful than those commonly used, it having to climb quite a steep incline before arriving at its destination;—it at once strikes the beholder as something extraordinary, as it has six powerful driving wheels. Continuing our journey up the mountains, we successively passed Mounts Kearsarge, Elephantis and Willard and obtained a distant view of Mt. Washington;—Mt. Elephantis is so named, because it presents a most perfect picture of that animal in repose. We also passed the

Devil's Cave, situated on Mt. Crawford, which we were assured has an opening of fifty feet in width, but which aperture, from the railroad level, looked no larger than an ordinary plate. The railroad track is also a curiosity, for it runs at the base of one mountain, which towers thousands of feet above, while you can look down into the valley just as far again;—this part of the mountain is called "Crawford Notch."

Here, also, thousands of feet below, it was barely possible for us to discern a two story and attic frame building, known as the "Willey House," of which the following interesting story is related:—

"In the year 1829 the house was inhabited by a family named Willey, who gained a livelihood by farming. One night they had retired to bed early, as was their wont, not dreaming of danger, when they were startled by a loud, rumbling noise, whose significance they only too well knew;—it portended that terrible phenomenon, a land-slide.

"They rushed out of their dwelling, intending to get out of harm's way, and had gone only a short distance, when the moving mass of earth and stones overwhelmed them and they all miserably perished. The house, queer to say, was not harmed in the least." The path of the slide was plainly marked on the side of the mountain. We arrived at our hotel, the Crawford House, at about 5 o'clock that afternoon; it is prettily situated in a small valley, from which there are only two outlets, and is hemmed in on all sides by mountains; the hotel was well patronized, every room being engaged. Here, as indeed everywhere on our whole journey, we found quite a number of New Yorkers. We had a very fine supper, one course of which consisted of fried mountain trout,—small but delicious.

Here we had an opportunity of seeing the full moon, slowly but surely, rise above the mountain top. After a good night's rest, the party arose early, and a visit was

made to "Beecher's Cascade," a pretty little waterfall, found about one thousand feet from the hotel. Here, when in the mountains, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn's famous pastor, is wont to pass his time, speculating probably about "Man's Inhumanity to Man," or, whiling away his leisure hours by reading "Somebody Else's Darling."

Then we again took seats in the cars, and after a half hour's ride, we reached the Fabyan House, where according to programme, we were to dine. Although the sun was shining brightly, the tops of the mountains were shrouded in mist and fog, which sometimes lifted for a moment.

Some one of the party proposed a trip to the top of Mount Washington, and after consulting Mr. Leve whether we would thereby miss our connection, and being by him informed that our proposed excursion would not in the least interfere with his programme, further than that we would have to dine on the mountain top, instead of at the Fabyan House, we, with the exception of two of our party, made ready to go. A ten minutes ride in the steam cars, and we found ourselves at the base of Mt. Washington, where we changed cars. There were two locomotives in waiting, each attached to one passenger coach. The locomotive was a queer looking machine and seemed ready to fall to pieces;—it was attached behind our car, and really pushed us up the mountain. The track, also, was something unusual, having besides the two outer rails a sort of cog-rail in the centre, in which a small wheel in the locomotive worked, and which acted as a very effective brake. This is made necessary by the steep incline, and prevents the train from slipping down.

We started, and soon left the valley far below us;—about one-third of the way up we stopped for water, and the gentlemen of the party took advantage of the opportunity to alight. We soon discovered that we were in the midst of a wild raspberry patch, which luckily, were

just ripe and ready for picking. We continued gathering them until the engineer blew the whistle as a signal for starting. Some one now passed around, and asked for our respective names, which appeared in print an hour later, in a paper published on the summit, having the pretentious title "Among the clouds." Scanning the names on his list, we found that Mr. Wheeler, Vice-President of the United States was in our car, and we soon engaged him in conversation. He was accompanied by his sister, and another lady, and turned out to be a very plain and unassuming gentleman, chatting unconstrainedly with our whole party. At Mr. Leve's suggestion I handed him a programme of our trip, which seemed to interest him greatly, as he asked many questions regarding it. When about half way up the mountain, we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country, which was soon shut out, however, by the dense fog into which we plunged, and which continued to the top.

Vegetation also grew scarcer, and gradually every shrub disappeared, leaving nothing but mosses and the bare rocks;—it also became quite cold, compelling the gentlemen to closely button their overcoats, while the ladies were glad enough to envelop themselves in their shawls and capes. At last, after passing up "Jacob's Ladder," which is the steepest part of the mountain, and on which a rude pile of immense boulders alone marks the spot where a young lady, named Lizzie Bourne, miserably perished, by making a fatal mis-step, the summit was reached, 6400 feet above the level of the valley. We entered the Summit Hotel, a two story frame house, which was anchored to the ground by two immense cables, and found a bright, open wood fire crackling cheerfully, whose benefits we were not slow to enjoy. A visit to the United States Signal Observatory, situated about thirty yards distant from the hotel, was next in order. but, as the wind was blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, we—particularly the ladies,—had some difficulty

in reaching it. It was a wooden house, one and a-half stories in height, very solidly built, and having double windows. In the observation room, we found a very pleasant officer in charge, who requested us to sign our names in a book kept for that purpose, which when full is sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

This duty performed, the officer is ready and willing to answer the many questions which various parties ask him.

He showed us the instrument by which the force of the wind is measured, and informed us that at certain times, when the wind blows at the rate of eighty miles an hour, or over, it is impossible to go out of doors;—that at such a time it takes the full strength of two men to hold the instrument out of the window for five minutes, the time required to take an observation.

Although it was only the 29th of August, 1877, yet he said that he had already laid in provisions enough to last until June, 1878. Two men and a cat are the only living things which remain on the mountain during the winter, and once every month or so, one of them, (I mean the men, not the cat) ventures down the mountain on snow shoes, in order to bring up the mail, and it may readily be imagined how lonely the other one feels during his absence. In order to illustrate how completely they were cut off from the outside world, he told us the following touching story: “Some years ago a friend of mine presented a fine, healthy, New Foundland puppy to me, which was then six or seven weeks old. I took it up to the signal station, where in the course of a few years it grew up to be a magnificent and very strong dog. When I had owned it three years or so, I, one day, had occasion to go down into the valley and took the dog along. It had probably never before seen a dog, as none ever came to the top of the mountain, and as this was the first time I had taken it into the valley. Very soon a large bull dog came along, and hardly had

"my dog seen it, when it fainted, and I am sorry to say, "never recovered from the shock."

Bidding the sergeant adieu, we all started for the hotel in order to be in time for dinner, which consisted of a great many hot dishes and therefore proved very acceptable. Every one then bought a copy of the paper "Among the Clouds," which just then appeared in print, and they looked happy as soon as they found their respective names in print. No view at all could be obtained from the summit, which fact was deeply regretted by the whole party.

The trip up the mountain had occupied  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours, while it took us  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours to go down;—no steam was used on the down trip, the train traveling by its own momentum, its speed being regulated by the brakes before described. This railroad, and the one on Mount Rigi in the Alps, are the only two of the kind in the world, and it is really surprising that man's ingenuity should so successfully have accomplished such a great undertaking.

We returned to the Fabyan House at about two o'clock, in good spirits and very well pleased, regretting only that the sun had not been powerful enough to dissolve the fog and mist which encircled the top of the mountain, as then we could have had a very extended view of the surrounding country, as far as the Franconia mountains.

### CHAPTER III.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.—Its Public Library.—A lively party.—At Newport, Vt.—An excursion on Lake Memphremagog.—The serenade and dance.—A new accession to the party.—A ride on a locomotive.—Richmond Junction.—A dusty journey.

At about 3 P. M., after having enjoyed a very fine promenade concert at the hotel, we once again took the cars, our aim this time being Newport, Vermont. We passed through some very fertile and beautiful valleys;—the

mountains gradually became less high and rugged, and the country began to have a more inhabited appearance;—at intervals of from ten to twenty miles we would pass small hamlets and villages, every house therein being built of wood. This is a great lumber region, wood being worth about two dollars per cord and being the only article used for fuel;—along the whole road-bed great piles of wood were stacked, at which the train occasionally halted in order to replenish its stock. At 7 P. M. we reached St. Johnsbury, Vt., where we stopped over for supper, and a first class one it proved to be. Then, as we had about one hour's time before the train would start, we concluded to take a short walk. St. Johnsbury is a well built, clean little town, and is the place where Governor Fairbanks of Vermont has his famous scale works.

The hotel proprietor kindly sent a request to Governor Fairbanks to open the public library and art gallery for us, we having come there on an evening when the same was usually kept closed;—the keys soon arrived, and the place was lit up by the janitor.

There was a goodly array of standard books on the shelves; the art gallery consisted of several hundred valuable oil paintings, and the building presented quite a creditable appearance;—we were afterwards informed that Mr. Fairbanks had presented the building, library and art gallery to the town, on condition that everybody should have free access thereto. We went soon thereafter to the railroad station, where we played many merry pranks on each other before the train arrived, to the no small amusement of quite a number of persons who happened to be waiting there, and who really formed a ring around our party and laughed heartily at our jokes;—it was something unusual for them, and I doubt not but they took us for a traveling theatrical troupe, or escaped lunatics.

At about 9 P. M. we reached Newport, where many of us found letters awaiting us, after reading which we re-



tired, in order to be up bright and early next morning.

We lodged in the Memphremagog House, which is pleasantly situated on the very shores of the beautiful lake of the same name. Next morning we were up with the lark and in time to see the sun rise. After a very substantial breakfast, part of which consisted of lake trout, which is a very toothsome fish as we discovered, we took a short walk through the principal street, and then climbed a hill situated just back of the place, from which we had a very fine view of the lake, and the town and its environs.

At about half past ten o'clock we,—together with a lunch basket of no small proportions,—got aboard the steam yacht *Gracie*, which had been specially chartered for our party by our ever attentive manager, as soon as he had heard that *The Lady of the Lake*, the regular excursion steamer, had been engaged for the day by a picnic party from Portland.

Before starting, an elderly lady and gentleman asked and obtained permission to accompany us, and so well were they pleased with our party and program, that, before the day was over, they expressed the intention of joining the excursion party, which purpose they carried out next day;—they were later on introduced to us as Mr. and Mrs. Gridley, of Hartford, Ct.

After we had steamed about five miles, the captain blew the whistle and informed us with great gravity, that we were crossing the imaginary boundary line between Canada and the United States, the lake lying partly in Canada and partly in the United States. There is an island in this lake, upon which a frame house has been built, one third of which house is situated on American territory, the balance on British soil, and we were in all seriousness informed by the captain that a restless man who had gone to sleep on the American side, had during the night rolled over into Canada;—this, I believe, is the only known instance of the happening of such an event.

We soon neared Mt. Elephantis, which was a more or less perfect picture of that animal, and reached Owl's Head Mountain at about 1 P. M.; we speedily found a grassy spot, where we enjoyed our luncheon in true pic-nic style. In the short space of ten minutes we also disposed of a six pound lake trout, which was cooked for us at the hotel at the foot of the mountain. The mountain is 2,750 feet in height, with very perpendicular, thickly wooded sides, and although some one proposed trying to ascend it, no one ventured the risky and laborious feat. After over an hour's rest we continued our journey up the lake, which is a very fine sheet of water, of great depth, and is thickly populated by lake trout. On its confines are many noble residences, notably that of Sir Hugh Allan, the proprietor of the Allan line of European Steamers, who is reputed to be the wealthiest man in Canada. We passed by Skinner's Cave, formerly the haunt of a band of smugglers, the opening of which cave presented a very dark and uninviting appearance;—we also saw Balance Rock, which is an immense boulder, angular at one end, on which it rests as on a pivot. On the way back, amidst great cheering, we were overtaken and passed by *The Lady of the Lake*, which had a great complement of passengers aboard. In the evening, the guests of the hotel were treated by the visiting Portland Band, to a concert given in front of the hotel by torchlight, after which we adjourned to the parlor, where dancing was indulged in until a late hour, thus ending one of the most enjoyable days of the trip.

Next morning we were compelled to arise quite early, in order to be in readiness to get the Quebec train in time, it leaving the depot at half past seven o'clock A. M.

After having proceeded a short distance, seven of the members of our party, embracing four ladies and myself, gladly accepted an invitation extended by the (civil) engineer of the train, to ride on the locomotive, as the track from there on would for several miles run directly

along side of Lake Memphremagog, thus affording us a better view of seeing it. The ride on the locomotive proved quite a novelty;—the train seemed to fly over the track; indeed, it appeared to us that we were going twice as fast as usual, but the engineer assured us that we were proceeding at the usual, regulation speed. The scenery was indeed very beautiful and romantic, the sun shining brightly on the water, thus showing the lake in all its grandeur. After leaving the lake, we debouched into the valley of the Massawippi, whose pastoral scenery presented a strongly marked contrast to the country we had just passed.

Soon we caught a glimpse of water through the trees, the train rounded a sudden curve on the road and for six miles we had the pleasure of riding on the confines of Lake Massawippi, which was, if possible, a more beautiful sheet of water than Lake Memphremagog.

From here on we passed through a very nice tract of country, until we reached Lennoxville, where we were to make connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, which was to carry us to Quebec. Heartily thanking the engineer and fireman for the civilities shown us, we presented them with half a dozen Havana cigars apiece, and left their train, after receiving a kind invitation to again ride with them in case we should meet them on the way back. The engineer was a young man about twenty-five years of age, from Vermont, who told us that he had just been exonerated by a coroner's jury, he having some weeks before accidentally run over and killed an old man, (who was proved on the inquest to have been quite deaf,) while backing his train into the round-house at Lennoxville, the man, of course, not hearing nor heeding the warning whistles of the locomotive. The Grand Trunk train was late, no unusual thing for it, as we were reliably informed. It eventually arrived, and we continued our journey, reaching Richmond Junction, a small village and railroad centre, at noon.

Here we got off and partook of a railroad dinner at the depot hotel. (By the term "a railroad dinner" must be understood a dinner ready on the arrival of a train, and which is usually eaten with dispatch, on the well known principle that time, tide and a railroad train wait for no man—to finish his dinner). As we were informed that we had an hour to wait, the party scattered in various directions, I going with Mr. and Mrs. Gaffney to the village church, which we entered, it being like all Catholic churches always open.

It was a very poor, tumble down looking structure, with a capacity for seating about one hundred persons, and contained nothing but rude, wooden benches and some oil paintings.

The people in that section must be very poor indeed, as we found that the churches in the other parts of Canada which we visited, were nicely built and profusely decorated.

Passing on, we came to a hill, descending which we found ourselves in another village, smaller and meaner looking than the first. Here we determined to have some amusement, and, calling several boys,—all bare headed, bare-footed, sturdy-looking lads,—we started them on a race up the hill, promising the winners of the race money prizes, which they earned and gladly took. By the time we reached the brow of the hill, there was quite a gathering of boys, and we were forced in all fairness to inaugurate a race for them, which, to both our and their surprise, resulted in a victory for one whom they did not seem to fear as an antagonist, and who had only consented to participate in the race at the urgent solicitation of his sister, who had naively told me "I think Charley can run." One of the boys in this race rejected an American nickel five cent piece, saying that he could not pass it in Canada.

We reached the depot only to find the whole party already seated in a train, which backed out before we

could get aboard, leaving us under the impression that we had been left behind. It speedily returned on another track, we jumped on, and were soon whizzing on towards Quebec. We passed a great many small streams, on nearly all of which lumber mills were situated. The ride from Richmond Junction to Point Levi, was terrible;—the dust was raised in perfect clouds, enveloping the train, and making us look like a party of coal-miners on our arrival at the latter place at about 4 P. M.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Point Levi.—Quebec.—A short stroll.—On board the steamer UNION.—Down the St. Lawrence River.—Places of interest.—Ha Ha Bay.—A morning ride and its consequences.—Down the Saguenay River.—Cape Eternity.—Tadoussac.—An old Church.—A salmon-breeding establishment.—A royal salute.—Riviere du Loup.—Murray Bay.

At Point Levi, which, by the way, is to Quebec what Brooklyn is to New York, we took our way to a ferry-boat, and were soon being carried across the St. Lawrence river.

On the trip across we passed several English frigates, and a ram at anchor;—saw the Plains of Abraham, and a black tablet, with gilt letters, half way up the face of rock fronting the river, showing the place where brave Gen. Montgomery fell, in his desperate attack on the city. Landing at the pier, at the foot of "Break-neck Stairs," (and they seem to have been rightly named), we took seats in a hotel-bus, which was then driven up the winding and steep streets;—we soon reached "Hotel St. Louis," where we gladly alighted. The St. Louis Hotel has the reputation of being the best in Quebec, and is situated directly opposite a one and a-half story brick cottage, which stands a little further back than the other houses in the street, and which is the house where Montgomery

had his headquarters. After changing our attire, and submitting our dust-begrimed countenances to the action of soap and clean water, with highly beneficial results, we took a short ramble through the neighboring streets and the Governor's Garden, which latter is an open park, about two blocks square, directly facing the river; it is not nicely laid out, and contains nothing of special interest, save an unpretentious monument to the memory of generals Wolfe and Montcalm;—the monument consists of a plain column of some brown stone, with the names of Wolfe and Montcalm hewn therein, while on the reverse appears an appropriate latin inscription. On our return to the hotel supper was served by English waiters;—all the other *attachés* of the hotel, including the call boys, were Englishmen, with quite an unmistakable British accent. All the dishes were nicely cooked, but we sadly missed the fresh fruits, which are found in such profusion in all our first class hotels. Musk melons,—known also as cantelopes,—and blue berries, (a large variety of the huckleberry,) were the only fruits and berries which we could obtain.

Mr. Leve here bade us adieu, promising to meet us again on our arrival at Montreal. He also introduced us to his agent, Mr. Beck, who was to conduct us until Mr. Leve's return; Mr. Beck was accompanied by his wife, and a little girl named Effie, about seven years of age.

After a good night's rest, we next morning assembled in the parlor, and were then driven down to the pier, where we went aboard the steamer *Union*, which was there made fast. Punctually at half past seven they cast the lines loose that bound the steamer to the dock, and we commenced what turned out to be one of the most charming water tours, which any of our party had ever participated in. The steamer was a double-decker, with very large and roomy saloons and cabins, which were handsomely fitted up. Each cabin had an upper

and a lower berth, which were provided with heavy woolen coverlets, which are a necessity in that climate;—two cork life preservers were also prominently hung up in every cabin.

The steamer, as indeed all steamers and ferry boats in Canada, burned wood and soft coal, and emitted a dense black smoke, which in the night, however looked very pretty, as it was then seen to be interspersed with myriads of brilliant sparks. By this time we were proceeding swiftly down the St. Lawrence river, which is about one and a-half miles wide at Quebec; it soon widens, however, and the steamer passes the "Isle of Orleans," which is about twenty miles in length and altogether a very beautiful spot. Arriving at the eastern end of the island, we found that the St. Lawrence had attained a width of about six miles; that the mountains, which are very steep and rugged, came to the very water's edge; and that we were keeping very near the north shore. After running in this way until noon, the steamer made its first landing, at Murray Bay. This is a very fashionable watering place, visitors coming here annually in great numbers; during the summer months several indian tribes make it their headquarters, doing a very brisk trade in selling indian work and curiosities.

Quite a number of passengers here left the vessel, and, after taking on board an immense quantity of wood, the steamer again proceeded on its journey, passing the Pilgrim Islands and reaching Riviere du Loup at about four o'clock.

This is a very nice little settlement, prettily situated at the foot of a mountain; from here to Cacouna, the most fashionable and best patronized watering resort in all Canada, is a distance of only seven miles. After a stop of two hours, during which several members of our party made a flying visit to the indian village here situated, we again got under way and headed direct for Tadousac. Night soon came upon us, and supper was

served, consisting in part of fried salmon trout, which fishes are caught in this region in immense numbers. This meal, as well as all subsequent ones on board, was a credit to the young french cook, who presided over the culinary department, and it presented a very decided contrast to the English style of cooking, at Quebec and Montreal. The captain, pilot, cook, steward and sailors were all Frenchmen, and I considered myself exceedingly lucky in being able to secure the services of a bright, little, irish waiter-boy named Willie; indeed I fear I should otherwise have fared very badly, as my knowledge of the French language, I must confess, is very circumscribed. I was not the only one in this position, however; one of the Philadelphians, (charity compels me to withhold his name,) who did not know how to speak one word of French, and who, truth to say, was blessed with a keen and hearty appetite, had a French waiter assigned to him. He, of course, failed to acquaint him with his wants and desires, and therefore grew quite jealous of the many little attentions shown me by my waiter, and finally accused me of having used unfair means in capturing my waiter; whereas, all that I had done was to *fee* the waiter, which certainly was not unfair, as he could as easily have *outbid*, as he *outate* me;—however, I magnanimously loaned the boy to him at several critical times.

Tadoussac, where the Governor General of Canada and other prominent citizens, have their summer residences, is situated at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, and was reached at eight o'clock that evening.

Several members of our party, myself included, went ashore, but after a short walk we were glad enough to return to the boat, as the pathway to the hotel, which latter we had started out to see, was composed of wooden planks, which could not well be seen on such a dark and cloudy night, and as the effects of a misstep might have had very serious consequences to persons not acquainted



with the road. At about 11 P. M., those on board the boat who had not retired to either Morpheus' or somebody else's arms, were treated to a very fine exhibition of *Aurora Borealis*, more familiarly known as Northern Lights. Next morning on awakening, we seemed suddenly to have been transported to fairy-land. The steamer was found to be in Ha Ha Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, land-locked on every side but one, and surrounded by some very tall hills. Several teamsters drove their horses down to the water's edge to drink, and informed us that the water was sweet but had a slightly brackish taste. In the near distance could be seen the lumbering village of Saint Alphonse. Going ashore, Mr. Gaffney, his wife and I entered one of the inevitable *caleches* or one horse wagons, which are in general use all over Canada, while Mr. Snyder and wife and Mr. Riley took possession of the only remaining one;—after agreeing upon a price with the drivers, we started at a brisk trot for the village. It was a glorious Sunday morning;—the blue sky was unflecked by white, and the air was cool and bracing;—just the morning, in fact, to thoroughly enjoy a fast drive. And fast we went;—for before we were really aware of it, we found that the other carriage was close behind us the occupants thereof being evidently desirous of trying the go-ahead qualities of our respective horses.

We not being at all averse, the result was a race. The race did not turn out as enjoyable as we had anticipated; it was not the fault of the drivers or horses, for they both did their very best. The thing which spoiled the fun, was, first :—the hilly nature of the country, and second :—the mud through which the horses had to go; for it was no macadamized road on which we were driving. The mud was thrown back, in great, black masses, mercilessly bespattering us;—where there was no mud, the wagons jolted so over the rough road, that it made us wish we had some softer substance than a hard pine board, utterly

devoid of cushion or covering, in such close proximity to a certain sensitive portion of our anatomy.

However, as all things must have an end, so did this race, as our horse unluckily ran slap up against the village church. Here we stopped to repair damages, and to return some of dirt,—which had lodged in our eye, faces and clothes,—to its native heath. We then drove to the salmon falls, situated three miles further inland, and had the pleasure of meeting the two Warren couples on the way.

Most of the houses along the road were wooden dwellings with thatched roofs, and all looked very clean. In front of many of the houses we often saw something closely resembling a bee-hive in shape, but much larger; on asking our driver he told us they were the ovens wherein the people cooked their food;—they were, in fact, veritable mud ovens, formed of clay or baked earth. We also passed a tobacco field in bloom, one of the plants being crowned with an immense red flower. We also passed many cows, which were lean, poor looking creatures, that seemed to climb the rocky hills with as much ease as our goats would.

At last we reached the falls, where we alighted and found a river about 100 feet wide, which was dammed at this place, the dam being about twelve feet in height. (This is no great height for a dam, as I have heard very respectable people *damn* a good deal higher than that.) However, not a salmon was to be seen, watch as we would, and we were at last forced to return, consoled by the information imparted by our drivers, that the salmon *did* actually leap up the dam, but that *this was not the season* for their indulging in such gymnastical feats. This information could of course, not have been given us *before* we had ridden an hour to get there.

We reached the steamer in time for breakfast, having thoroughly enjoyed our drive, which had occupied just two hours.

The time soon arrived for the steamer to start; the lines were cast off, and, amid the hurrahing of the villagers, who had assembled on the bulkhead to see us off, we began our return voyage.

As we had passed up the Saguenay river at night; when asleep, we of course had not seen any of the scenery along its banks, of which we had heard such wonderful tales; consequently we were now all on the *qui vive*, assembled on the forward deck and ready to be astonished. The hills along the river-bank gradually grew higher and more precipitous, until they were really mountains; the river itself also became perceptibly wider.—The climax was reached however, when we came to Trinity Bay;—the river here was about three miles wide, but was flanked by such high mountains, that it seemed barely one mile in width.—The steamer's prow was here turned in-shore, and we soon found ourselves under Cape Eternity, a mountain 1900 feet high, perpendicular in its entire length and overhanging the water, so that to us it seemed as though it might topple over at any moment and crush our boat.—Some wag had painted a life-like, full-length caricature of the Fenian General O'Neill at its base, thus creating a happy effect by combining the sublime with the ridiculous.—The water at the foot of the mountain is 3600 feet in depth, making the actual height of this mountain 5500 feet.—After sounding several sharp whistles, the echo of which kept reverberating back to us for minutes afterwards, we resumed the trip, soon passing Profile mountain, which as we approached nearer and nearer, presented every moment a more distinct, clear cut and perfect outline of a man's head of immense proportions. The whole trip down this river was very impressive, the scenery being so very wild and the water so very deep.

Tadoussac was again reached at about 1 P. M., and here, in company with the ship's captain, the whole party went ashore. After a walk of about ten minutes we arrived

at Tadousac Hotel; from its porch we had a splendid view of the bay and of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence rivers, which here commingle their waters.

We then went to the church, a simple, wooden structure, unpainted and looking very old, with room for about 200 persons. We were assured that this was the oldest church in Canada, and I actually believe that it was;—several members of our party cut off small pieces of wood from the door posts, to take home as relics.

From here we walked to the salmon breeding establishment, which is unique in its way;—there is a pond, some 200 feet square, situated thirty feet or so below the level of the road, in which we could see the fish, which were from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, disporting in the clear water, and occasionally leaping out of it twice their length. At the entrance bordering on the river, a strong rope net work was fastened, reaching about twelve feet above the water, thus allowing a continual flow of fresh water from the river. We were told that at high tide the salmon sometimes leap over this net and escape;—this seemed to us not at all incredible, as we saw what great leaping powers these fish had. In a room in the establishment were immense troughs, separated from each other by fine wire netting; in these troughs were young salmon in various stages of development;—a constant flow of pure water passed through the tanks. At three o'clock we continued our voyage, being saluted by a small brass field-piece as we passed the Tadousac hotel, which compliment we returned by running in-shore, dipping our flag, waving our handkerchiefs and hurrahing. Some one in the party here remarked that he was always ready to go in to get a salute, at which there was a general laugh.

Shortly after 5 P. M. we touched at Riviere du Loup, where some took a carriage for Cacouna; while others went to the indian village; still others, myself included, fishing off the dock. I had fisherman's luck, not being able to land a single fish, while the others were more or

less successful ;—this ill luck must be ascribed partly to lack of skill, partly to lack of point, for, in this latter particular, my solitary hook was woefully deficient ;—consequently the fishes *couldn't see it*.

At ten o'clock that evening we arrived at Murray Bay. The captain, after attending to some necessary duties, accompanied us ashore to the indian settlement ;—here he unceremoniously entered the first handy hut, aroused the inmates and asked them to show us the goods which they had for sale. The hut was constructed of logs, not closely put together, leaving large unfilled space through which the wind would have had free entrance, had the inner side not been lined with bark.

The hut was divided into two compartments by a calico curtain, behind which we could hear the occupants, who had been roused from their sleep by the captain, arranging their toilets.

They soon appered ;—he, a common looking indian, but whiter than the traditional red men usually are ;—she, a good-looking, smiling indian squaw, with her hair hanging down her back *en naturel* ;—in the back-ground we could discover the eyes of some inquisitive child, watching us from behind the curtain.

They offered us bead-work, baskets and straw and wooden-hats for ladies' wear ; these latter cost only two dollars apiece, and weighed about a pound and a-half.

Returning on board the boat, we soon retired, and in the morning on arising, found that were about twenty miles from Quebec and just passing abreast of the Isle of Orleans. Quebec was reached at about half past seven A. M., and we were at once driven to the St. Louis Hotel, where breakfast was served.

## CHAPTER V.

Quebec.—An interesting drive through the City.—Off for Montreal.—A long race.—The French and English Cathedrals.—Mountain Park.—The Grey Nun convent.—Return to Newport.—A little business matter.—The Journey to Boston.—The party breaking up.—Back to New York.—Farewell.

As a light, drizzling rain now set in, it was agreed that we would dispense with the visit to Montmorency Falls, which we had intended to make had the weather been fair. Carriages were called into requisition, and we drove first through St. Peter's Gate,—the only gate now extant in Quebec,—to the fortress. At the entrance we were stopped by a sentinel, who desired to know our business;—he then turned us over to the guard, one member of which was detailed to accompany every four person. We were shown the grand-battery, the great guns, the officers' quarters, the parade and play grounds;—the latter consisted of a level piece of rocky ground, at one side of which was erected a brick wall thirty feet high and forty feet wide;—here the soldiers, when not on duty, are accustomed to play a game of ball, familiarly known to every boy by the designation "house ball."

From the battlements we enjoyed a magnificent view down the St. Lawrence river, and of Point Levi, directly opposite. From here we were driven to the Governor's Garden; thence to the Wolfe-Montcalm monument, which is erected on the only elevated spot on the plains of Abraham;—the Champs de Mars was next seen and then came the ride through the city proper. The buildings were chiefly two-story stone structures, built in a very unpretentious style, but evidently meant to last;—we saw many houses which had been erected in the seven'teenth century, and which were still as solid and well-built as if they had been put up but yesterday; some others were in a tumble down condition, and no efforts seemed to have been taken by anyone to repair the damages. This state

of affairs seemed to be very prevalent there, as even the outer walls of the fort had partially fallen down, and no attempt was being made by the government to repair the breach.

The streets are narrow, winding, short and steep, and a stranger is apt, on starting to see a certain place, to find himself at the point of departure after a five minutes walk. The last place where we stopped was the French Cathedral, the oldest church in Canada, as we were told. It was a very nice building, built of some greyish kind of stone, and had a large number of fine oil-paintings decorating its interior; there was nothing very imposing about it, however, most of the larger churches in New York City excelling it in architectural beauty and in their inner arrangement. From here we drove back to the hotel, the ride having occupied about two and a-half hours. At noon the rain stopped as suddenly as it had commenced, and the party sallied forth on a shopping expedition, each one bent on buying the most curious curiosity, wherewith to astonish the friends at home; a good many useful articles were also purchased, such as seal-skin caps, sacques, muffs and purses, moccasin slippers and clothes.

At 5 o'clock P. M., we embarked on the steamer *Montreal*, bound for the city of like name;—a brass band was at the pier to see us off, which played some lively French airs; as we receded from the dock the music grew fainter and more indistinct, and was finally entirely lost in the distance, but we could see that the musicians were still doing their best at their instruments.

When once fully started, we soon left the city far behind, as we had the tide in our favor, which at this point runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

An "Allan line" ocean steamer kept abreast of the steamer until late that night, affording us a good chance to observe the relative speed of a side wheel steamer,

burning wood, and a steamship driven by a screw and burning coal.

We found that they were pretty evenly matched, as the steamship did not gain on our steamer more than two hundred yards in a contest lasting several hours.

Next morning we awoke in time to find that we were just about to reach Montreal; the houses along the shore, which were at first far apart, gradually grew in numbers, until at last we could see the built up blocks and the church spires;—right ahead of us, spanning the river, was the world renowned Victoria Bridge.

We landed at one of the beautiful, solid, stone docks which project into the river in every direction, and were rapidly driven to the Ottawa Hotel on St. James street, where we partook of a fine English breakfast. Carriages were then ordered and drove up soon after;—there were five large barouches, accommodating four persons each inside, with room for another person next to the driver. We first drove down St. James street, with its many massive business houses lining the way;—past the old and the new post-offices, the court house and several immense bank buildings, which latter looked more like palaces than anything else; then past the *Place d'Arms* to the French Cathedral.

Here we made a halt and the entire party entered;—the building which is capable of holding at least ten thousand persons, was beautifully but gaudily frescoed and painted, and altogether presented a very striking appearance. There were a great number of pillars, painted so as to closely resemble veined marble of different colors;—many well executed and very valuable oil paintings graced the walls, and there were at least eight altars of various sizes, but *all* very costly structures in the building. We all came to the conclusion that it was impossible that any-thing could exceed the cathedral in beauty, but before the day was out we had to confess that humanity in general, and we in particular, were liable to make



mistake. We next drove past the monument erected to the memory of that great naval hero, Lord Nelson ;—then around the Bonsecours Market, a two story stone structure, occupying just one whole block and situated on the street fronting the river. An immense traffic is carried on here, and the streets were made nearly impassable by the many vehicles stopping there. Just around the corner, and we came to what our driver informed us was the oldest church in Canada. (We thought we had seen the oldest Canadian Church at Tadousac, and then again in Quebec, but must have been mistaken.) We did not stop here, as the street was crowded with vehicles of all descriptions, but drove on, past the Champs de Mars and the Hotel de Louvre, to the English Cathedral. This building does not by its outward appearance impress the beholder as favorably as the French Cathedral, but once inside, and it is seen to be infinitely superior to the latter.

It was not quite as large, nor as rich in fresco-painting or colors, but was much prettier notwithstanding. All over the ceiling, but noticeably at the top of the upright pillars supporting the dome, were statues of exquisite lines, representing various epochs and incidents in biblical history :—the main altar was made of marble and presented a very rich and massive appearance ;—there were not quite as many side-altars as in the other cathedral, nor were there any oil paintings, but this want was more than counterbalanced by innumerable statues and *bas-reliefs*. We were loth to leave this building, but as time pressed we again entered our carriages and were driven to the outskirts of the city, where the new city park,—called Mountain park, was in process of completion ;—it is in reality a mountain drive. By a circuitous path we reached the summit, 680 feet above the level of the city, and enjoyed a magnificent birds-eye view of Montreal. The first thing to strike the eye were the Lachine Rapids, which could easily be discerned by the naked eye, although several miles away. We also saw Victoria bridge, over

two miles long, completely spanning the St. Lawrence river;—then came the many churches of the city and the convents and reservoir, while in the distance could be seen the Adirondack and Franconia mountain ranges. Descending by another drive, we reached the bottom in about half an hour, and were ready to coincide with the prophetic remark of our driver, that when the Mountain Park is once fully laid out and finished, it will be *the* fashionable drive of the city. The carriages were now taken through Montreal's most aristocratic streets, which were lined with really elegant mansions, the most costly of which, queer to say, are all the residences of rich shoemakers. Sherbrooke street is the Fifth Avenue of Montreal, and is macadamized like the *boulevard* drives in New York City. We next stopped at the "Convent of the Grey Nuns," and were conducted through the entire building, by two of the sisters.

As it was just 12 o'clock, we were first taken to the chapel, and had hardly taken the seats assigned us, when about 100 nuns filed in, two by two, who kneeling in the centre aisle, counted their beads and recited the noon-day prayers. When this highly interesting ceremony was over, we were led to the school-room, nursery, kitchen and sleeping department, which were all kept scrupulously neat and clean.

The inmates of the convent evidently believe in the saying that "cleanness is akin to godliness."

We then proceeded to the workshops, where many a trifle was bought by our party. Leaving this building, we were rapidly driven past the Victoria Monument to the hotel, and found that the ride had occupied just four hours. Mr. Leve here rejoined us, while we were seated at the dinner table, and his appearance was gladly welcomed by the party. A short walk was then taken through the neighboring streets, for the purpose of purchasing various articles which the ladies fancied.

We then entered the hotel carriage, and were set down

at the railroad station, where further progress was barred by a strong gate, guarded by Custom House officials, who were busy examining the many trunks, valises and other packages belonging to the would-be passengers, for contraband articles. As it wanted only five minutes of the schedule starting time of the train, Mr. Leve made an arrangement with the officers to examine our baggage on the train, while on the way to Newport, and we thereupon all entered one of the fine palace cars attached to the train. This had been engaged for us by our attentive guide, who had noticed that the party would otherwise have had to occupy seats in several cars, thus scattering the company. About ten minutes after starting, the train perceptibly slackened speed, and those who were riding on the platforms were warned by the conductor of the train to get into the cars;—the porter carefully fastened all the windows and shut the doors, and in another minute we found ourselves on the Victoria Bridge, crossing the St. Lawrence River. This is an iron bridge, several miles in length, and is covered, both on the top and sides, by a wall of iron. Every 100 yards or so, there is a large opening in the top of this iron cover, designed for the admission of light and air, for both of which purposes, however, these openings are totally inadequate. The air in the cars grew hotter and hotter, and we perceived that the object of the considerate porter in closing the doors and windows, was to prevent us from being roasted alive;—it was quite a relief to us when we emerged from this furnace, and could throw open the windows and breathe the fresh air of heaven. Notwithstanding all this, it must be conceded that it is an immensely long bridge, and quite an engineering feat in its way.

After passing through a very fertile tract of country, and enjoying the farce of having our baggage searched for dutiable goods, we, at about 8 o'clock, reached New Port.

After partaking of a bountiful supper, and while the ladies, by previous arrangement, engaged Mr. Leve in the parlor, the gentlemen adjourned to the reading room for the purpose of preparing resolutions, expressing the gratitude of our party towards our amiable guide, Mr. Leve. Dr. Hastings was unanimously elected chairman, while the secretaryship was conferred upon me, and the following resolutions, obtaining the approbation of the entire company, were finally agreed upon, signed, and by the chairman presented to Mr. Leve, who, in a short speech, thankfully accepted the same.

The resolutions were as follows:—

MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE,  
NEWPORT, VT., Sept. 5, 1877.

At a meeting of the members of Leve's Grand American Excursion Party, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, the undersigned, members of a party returning from a visit to the White Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, Quebec, Montreal, St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, wish in some suitable manner to express to our leader, Mr. Gustave Leve, our thanks for the many personal attentions and kindnesses which we have received from him during the past ten days, and to fitly show our entire satisfaction with the trip through which he has so ably conducted us; and,

Whereas, we think that to travel for ten days over crowded thoroughfares, and rest at first-class hotels without once missing a connection or a night's repose, and this, too, without a thought or care upon our own part, is a novel feature in American pleasure travel, of the most pleasing character;

*Resolved*, that we, the undersigned, would hereby recommend Mr. Gustave Leve to the travelling public in general as a pleasant conductor of excursions, well

planned and ably carried out, and we cheerfully and voluntarily make this expression of our feelings toward him.

J. W. HASTINGS, Warren, Mass.  
 MARY L. HASTINGS, Warren, Mass.  
 E. C. MORGAN, Warren, Mass.  
 Mrs. E. C. MORGAN, Warren, Mass.  
 JAMES H. GAFFNEY, New York.  
 DEBORAH L. GAFFNEY, New York.  
 THOMAS DONNELLY, New York.  
 MEYER AUERBACH, New York.  
 EBER GRIDLEY, Hartford, Conn.  
 MINERVA GRIDLEY, Hartford, Conn.  
 A. R. SNYDER, Philadelphia.  
 Mrs. A. R. SNYDER, Philadelphia.  
 L. J. RILEY, Philadelphia.  
 Mrs. L. J. RILEY, Philadelphia.  
 Mrs. M. H. MARSH, Lynn, Mass.  
 M. L. OLIVER, Lynn, Mass.  
 Mrs. H. M. BISHOP, Lynn, Mass.

Next morning we were up bright and early, and agreed to slightly change the programme by making the return trip by way of Nashua, Concord, Lowell and Boston, and thence by Sound steamer to New York, so as to arrive there in the morning, instead of at eleven o'clock at night. As this was to be the last day together of the participants in the tour, we exchanged cards and addresses, and made mutual promises to correspond with one another, many of which promises, I am sorry to say, were afterwards broken.

We passed down the beautiful Passumpsic river valley, with its many little villages dotting the base of the Franconia mountain ridge, and at about eleven o'clock reached Wells' River Junction, where Mr. and Mrs. Gridley, after affectionately bidding good-bye to all, parted from the company. This leave taking rudely aroused us

to the realization of the stern fact that the party was in process of disintegration, and cast a gloom over us, which could not soon be dispelled, try as we would.

We employed the half hour's stoppage at noon in enjoying a substantial meal at the Pemigewasset House, that excellent hotel located in Plymouth.

Then we again took the train, and in rapid succession passed Crystal lake and Lake Winnepesaukee, as also Lowell, Nashua, Concord, and many other manufacturing cities of more or less note, and reached Boston at five o'clock in the afternoon. Here Mr. Hastings and wife, Mr. Morgan and wife and the Mrs. Marsh, Oliver and Bishop took their leave, and we, getting into an omnibus, were hurriedly driven to the Old Colony Railroad depot, so as to catch the train connecting with the Sound steamer at Fall River.

The train made only two short stoppages on the entire trip, and made the entire run of 59 miles, the distance from Boston to Fall River, in one hour and a half. The steamer *Providence*, sister ship to the *Bristol*, was here found with steam up, ready to start; as soon as we came aboard the lines were cast off, and we were soon rapidly steaming down Narraganset Bay.

At Newport, R. I., a stop was made of about an hour's duration, after which we continued the voyage to New York.

Early next morning the remnant of the party assembled on the upper deck of the steamer, from which we enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the Long Island Sound. At seven o'clock we passed Hell Gate, and entered the East River, down the whole length of which we passed, and then rounding the Battery, the steamer made for her dock at the foot of Murray street. Here we said adieu and "God speed" to the Philadelphians, and, mingling with the throng hurrying ashore, we were soon wending our ways to our respective homes, having enjoyed a most de-

lightful Summer tour, lasting just eleven days, without an accident having happened, or the enjoyment of a single hour having been marred by illness.

That we may all live to realize the desire expressed by the entire party, *to meet again next year*, is the fervent wish of the author.

FINIS.

